LIFE IN MODERN PALESTINE. Jew Going to Jerusalem to Die-An Eng-lish Boke in a Yellow Baroucke-English Clerrymen and Old Maide-Latercoting Bib-lical Discoveries.

JERUSALEM, June 23 .- I was much struck on my way from Jaffa to this place the other on my way from onthe to this place the other day by contrasting the different systems which are resorted to by the varied races of foreigners who are invading Palestine. There is the Jew with curling ear locks and greasy gaberdine, and wallet slung over his shoulder, tradging painfully along the dusty road. He has had hard work to slip into the country at all and has only succeeded probably by means of backsheesh and a false passport. He has undergone discomfort and privations innu-merable to win the privilege, which, to judge by his wan and sickly face, is not likely long to or his wan and closely face, is not likely long to be denied him, of dying in Jerusalem. As he plods on, leaning wearlly on his long

staff, he is almost run over by a bright yellow barouche dashing along the road, with four horses, in a style which shows how rapidly Western civilization is striding into the East. It is an English Duke "doing" Palestine. He is followed by a motiey group of his own coun-trymen and women, mounted on horses and donkeys, the women for the most part ap-parently old maids in straw hats, geeen specparenty of the tacles, and veils, while a large proportion of the men are evidently parsons, who wear clerical coats and waistcoats and unclerical pith hats

men are evidently parsons, who wear cierical coats and waistoats and unclerical pith hats and jack boots. The whole party, consisting of about thirty persons, white with dust, are preceded by an elaborately attired dragoman, whom they are about to follow over the country like a flock of sheep, for they are the last batch of the season of Cook's tourists.

But they were not to be compared for picturesquences or angularity of appearance with the next certifice which forestook, and the aspect of which, from a distance, puzzled me spect of which, from a distance, puzzled me alarge object of some sort, which was being slowly dragged along by a crowd of people who were avidently not natives of the country. On reaching it I found that it was a huge bell; weighing seven or eight tons, most elaborately ornamented with scriptural and sacred designs in basso relevo, and which, placed on a truck with low wheels, was being hauled by about eighty liussian peasants, more than half of whom were women. Looking on this singular group of ragged-featured people, with their light hair and Kaimuck countenances, one felt and denly transported from the hills of Paiestine to the steppes of southern Russia. The men wore high boots, baggy trousers, long full-akirted coats, tight at the waist, and flat cape, and the women the souther and dowly habiliments common to the Russian peasant class. They were all yoked by the breast with ropes to the truck, tugging it slowly but choerfully along, and when I stopped and tried to stammer out the few words of Russian which I still remembered, they greeted my attempts with rough shouts of haughter, and made explanations which my knowledge of the languare was too limited to enable me to comprehend. But my curiosity was destined to be satisfied at a later period on the arrival of this precious burden at Jerusalem. Meantime I could not but regard with interest the eager devotion of these pror people, and especially of the women, who were thus satisfying a religious instinct by exercising the functions o

assist them.

Had it not been for the various houses which have been built for the accommodation of travellers, the mortality would probably have been greater, but the increase of travel along this road has multiplied the number of rest houses, and there are now four or five of various degrees of excellence, to say nothing of Greek and Catholic convents, more or less far from the road to which milignings.

ts antique sites, is replete with the high

ancient topography of Palestine, and identifying its antique sites, is replete with the highest importance.

Among those who have devoted themselves to the study of Palestine geography and antiquarian research, the French savant Monsieur Clarmont Ganneau ranks second to none. One of the problems which has for many years excited the interest and curlosity of Palestine explorers was the whereabouts of the ancient city of Geogr. We gather from the Biblical record that this was an important town prior to the arrival and settlement of the Israelites in the country. In the book of Joshua it is classed among the royal cities of Cansan. Its King, Boram, was defeated by Joshua while attempting to relieve Lachish, which was besieged by the Israelites. Later it was included in the territory of the tribe of Ephraim, and assigned to the Levitical family of Kohath. It is mentioned several times during the wars between David and the Philistines, and during Solomon's reign, one of the Pharanha male an expedition against it, which resulted in the capture and burning of the town. It alterward became part of the downy of Pharano's daughter when also became Solomon's wife, and he rebuilt it. The last we hear of it was in the wars of the Maccabees, when it responses under the name of Gazara. Taken by assault in the first instance by the Jews, it passed successively into the hands of the two contending parties, who attached equal importance to its possession. John Hyrcanus, the Jewsh tennuander, made it his military residence.

passed successively into the hands of the two contending parties, who attached equal importance to its possession. John Hyrcanus, the Jawish commander, made it his military residence.

It was during his study of the old Arab geographors that M. Clermont Ganneau came upon the name Tell of Geographical requirements of the Bibo, he went in search of it at Abu Shusheb. Here he found that a mound on Mr. Berghelm's property was known to the natives by that name, though it was too insignificant ever to have fluured on any map. On making minute investigation he discovered to his deligit a bilingual inscription; the first word in Greek characters of the classical epoch was the hame of a man. "Akito," immediately followed by Hebrew letters of ancient square form, the translation of which was," limit of Geographic Experimental Committee Experiments of the classical epoch was the hame of a man. "Akito," immediately followed by Hebrew letters of ancient square form, the translation of which was, "Imit of Geographic Experiments of the classical epoch was the hame of a man," Akito," immediately followed by Hebrew letters, and the English Palestine Experiments of the classical end in the English Palestine Experiments of the classical contents, the English Palestine Experiments of the place. As is not uncommisting the place of the special most completely, finding four other inscriptions, besides making a most complete survey of the place. As is not uncomplete survey of the place. As is not uncomplete survey of the place, as is not uncomplete survey of the place, as is not uncomplete survey of the place, as is not uncomplete survey of the place. As is not uncomplete survey of the place, as is not uncomplete survey of the place as is not uncomplete survey of the place. As is not uncomplete survey of the place as is not uncomplete survey of the place as is not uncomplete survey of the place as a few letters, and the place as a few lette

skull. An aqueduct cut in the rock is also traceable along the hiliside.

Altogether the place is a good deal more interesting than it looks at first sight, and had its owner been an antiquary he would doubties have had aplendid opportunities of making a valuable collection. That the spot has always had a semi-sacred character in the eyes of the country people is evident from the traditions which attact to it. One is that the city of Noah stood upon the hill here, and that the deluge came from a place cailed Et Tannar, which is a cavity with an old well on the east slope of the hill. The modern name Abu Shusheh, or "Father of the Topknot." is said to be derived from a dervish who prayed for rain in time of drought, and was told by a sand diviner that he would perish if it came. The water came out of the earth and formed a pool, into which he stepped and was drowned. The people seeing only his topknot left cried. Ya Abu Shusheh." (O Father of the Topknot.)

It is a pity that, with the exception of the one deciphered by Mr. Gauneau, the inscriptions are so much sfisced that, although certain characters can be made out, they have hitherto defled translation. Some of them appear to approach to the later Hebrew forms, while others bear some resemblance to Cuffe.

There are other sites of interest which lie more or less distant from the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but I had not time to visit thom, though the comparatively more advanced state of civilization of this province and the good accommodation to be found on the road would facilitate the explorer's task. On the other hand, the examination of this part of the country has been so thorough that he cannot hope for the rich rewards that are to be found in more inaccessible districts.

INTELLECTUAL ANARCHY IN RUSSIA. The Graduates of Theological Seminaries are

Infidelo-A Count Makes Short. St. Petersburg, June 14.—Count Leo Tolstol, the author of the famous novel, "Wer and Peace," is to-day the best known and most revered man in all the Russias. He is a generally recognized leader of a new intellectual and moral movement in this country. He is a writer of the first magnitude. Bussian critics regard him as being equal, if not superior, to Ivan Tourgeneff. No writer, they affirm, has ever approached so near to the Shake-spearean style as Count Leo did. Under the ate Caar, the Count enjoyed the privileges of the courtier. But now this famous Count and genius has put aside his pen and his corogenius has put aside his pen and his coronet, and is humbly pegging shoes. Eccentricity? Not quite so, A journalist who recently visited the Count says, in the Rodina, that in the room adjoining his library the Count has established a shoemaker's shop, in which he works daily under the direction of a practical shoemaker. Here is an extract:

"Since when, Leo Nicholaevitch, did you begin to learn shoemaking?" I saked.

"Not long ago; yet I am succeeding well, as you see," answered the Count, good naturedly displaying a shoe.

"My purpose? Well, everybody ought to know some trade. It is necessary for every one to work, not only intellectually, but also physically. By inanual labor we can renovate and better our life. Only linese working hysically can be healthy in body, sound in thought, and littelligent in life."

Count Leo Tolstoi belongs to that prominent

can removate and better our life. Only those working physically can be healthy in body, sound in thought, and inteligent in life."

Count Leo Tolstoi belongs to that prominent class of Russians who despise politics, scorn wealth, and even put at naught literary fame. Truth they want, and they soarch for it earnestly, though in different ways. Count Tolstoi's brilliant success reminded the Russians of Lord Byron. No Russian author has ever been so general y idolized as the author of "War and Peace." The idol, however, seemed not to care at all for all the incense burned for him. Somehow he disappeared from society. Then it transpired that in peasant garb he went on foot from convent to convent, discussing with old monks and dissenter hermits about God and man and life. Soon in his library there appeared dusty works of holy fathers, and numerous treatises by the most known theologians of different beliefs. He thought be understood the Gosnel aright, and he prepared his own exegesis, but the Government would not allow him to publish it. Then he wrote his "Confession," unveiling the tortures and the joys of his inquisitive mind. That "Confession," unveiling the tortures and the joys of his inquisitive mind. That "Confession," thrilled all those who saw it in manuscript. But the imperial eensors hastened to confiscate those manuscripts and burn them. So the Russian public do not know what Count that he is preaching a new Christian life, but what that life should be they are forbidden to confiscate those manuscripts and burn them. So the Russian public do not know what Count Tolstoi knows about Truth. They have heard that he is preaching a new Christian life, but what that life should be they are forbidden to learn. A lady, an earnest admirer of Tolstoi, said to me:

"I know St. Paul was making tents, and I hear Count Leo is making show, but that does not satisfy me. I would like to hear Count Leo's sermon."

Many learned Russians do not like this turn toward religion in general, and Christianity in

Many learned Russians do not like this turn toward religion in general, and Christianity in particular. Thirty years ago the philosophic teachings of Kant and Hegeltook a strong hold in Russian universities. With an extreme boldness Russian scientists brought to the bar of the human mind the religious, the political, and the social orders, but not being able to definitely settle any of the questions which arose they have left all the problems of life in an undescribable confusion. And when the children of those philosophic parents began to inquire for Truth, they have found nothing, minit Thus minitism came into existence. But the human mind longs for positive things, and when Buchner, vort, Maleschott, and other naturalists suggested the materialist theory, the Russians seized it with an amusing eagerness. Soon Darwin became their supreme authority in all things, human and divine. Russian men of science swore solemnly not to recognize any authority not armed with microscope, telescope, and other scientific instruments. In this state most of them yet remain. As to religion, they are mostly athelats, some are agnostice, and very few are delats. Moral principies they regard as simply intellectual habits. It is swident that all such philosophic or scientific views have a direct bearing on the practical life of Russians. In fact, they are the hidden springs of all those phenomena which the world observes in the Czar's country. It is enough to state that the triple foundation of all the Russian—the autocracy, the orthodoxy, and the nationality—is now ignored and even ridiculed by most educated Russiana. Col. Ingersoll would not draw a crowd here by his assault on the Bible and the Bible's God, because each of the sixty theological seminaries of this country every year produces scores of men of the same type, the implacable apostles of atheim and negation. In view of this condition of affairs, the Holy Synod found it necessary to admit to the theological schools the sons of laymen. The cierical class here is degenerated, and it ismains to be seen whether laymen will make good preachers of the Gospel. I must mention, however, that even in the lay colleges of Russia the phrase that hangs on the tongue of each boy is this: "Ergo, there is no God."

At I have mentioned before, there is now a strong reaction here regainst athelism and materialism. The first educated Russian who was bold enough to declare in public that he believed in God and Christianity was Dostoewsky, a writer of genius who served his term in Siberia and who found "God's apark" in the hearts of men who were buried alive in the Siberian mines. He made a series of brillian sermons on that apark of his denouncing the stone-hearted and infidel Russian public, Ivan Tourgenest included, but his voice seemed to be that of a man in a desert. Yet his preaching was not in vain. Vladimir Solovier, a young and brilliant professor, confessed openy that he was a Christian, and he became an earnest advocate of primeral Christianity. Recently a young prince was ordained here as a village priest, and he went to preach Christianity to the poasants. For moral reasons, too, a well-known professor of the university of this city resigned his chair and became a teacher in a village school.

In their zeal to make awa

ing according to laws laid down for my mind, too. Thought and creative genine, plainly appear in the universe, independent of the brain atom.

Further on Pirocoff unequivocally states his belief in God and Christ,

The Surreme Mind and the Supreme Will of a Creator, as manifested in life and the world, form an absolute principle which alone can asfely guide man in life. An unconditional confidence in an ideal—that is the origin of faith. I hold that faith is a perceival with the following makes this more than any Supreme Mind the other and the confidence in an ideal—that is the origin of faith. I hold that faith is a perceival surface from the other and with the surface of the confidence in an ideal—that is the origin of faith. I hold that faith is a perceival surface of faith is a surface of the same which a reality as my own intellectual and moral being. In the person of the Son of Nan and God we are better able to understand the Supreme Mind and the supreme Will the University and faith far surpasses all other beliefs by the purity and sentify of its lefal. I doubt not that the teachings of Christ will forever be an uneatinguishable beach for the tortionus way of human progress.

Russian savants are greatly dumfounded by this confession of Pirogodf. They have no choice but to place him, along with Newton, among those great minds which, as they hold, were weakened and belouded toward the end of their life. This is a poor consolation, and no argument at all. One may reasonably ask who is more apt to misjudge the fundamental problems of life, the one before whom is just opening the intellectual vists or the one who makes a grand total of his life-long research.

TRAPPISTS IN CANADA.

MONTREAL, July 11 .- A Trapplet Monastery is located at Oka, a quaint Indian village on the river about thirty-seven miles from this city. The Trappists are a Catholic religious order little known to the rest of the world. They are chiefly remarkable for the extreme rigor and privations of their rules and discipline. There is no other order of Christians that can at all approach them in this respect. Their mission, as one of them stolcally said, is the "Giory of God and the good of sinners." the "Gory of God and the good of singers."
The first glimpes of these people and their devotion and practices is quite sufficient to show that there is at least one heartily sincero more than the control of the contr

prayers are continued till?, when what they call the community mass is commenced. At 8 they turn out to work in the fields or about the monastery and other buildings as may be required. After the 11% meal they say vespers, and then retire and sleep one hour. After this they return to the fields again till 6, when they come home to supper, after which they turn once more to meditations and prayers until the hour of retirement.

They educate their own priests and have them ordained by the nearest Bishon. When the lay Trappist completes his novitiate, which is two years, and thinks he has a "vocation" for the Trappist priesthood and Trappist life generally, he is admitted to study and proparation by the majority vote of the closter. If a candidate is aircasty a priest when he enters the order, he has only to serve out the novitiate and obtain the majority vote in order to become a Trappist priest.

When the hour of death is approaching any of the brethren common ashes are spread in the form of a cross on the floor of the room where the patient lies. Then the dying man is lifted out of his bed and laid over this cross on the bare floor without oven a pillow, and watched there until he is dead. This is what is called dying a "public penitent," and all Trappists must die so. The remains are kept about a day, and then removed on a litter by four brothers and burled without a coffic.

The Trappists bardly ever live to old age. Their deaths are almost invariably premature on account of thior austerities and privations, and many die off within a few months after entering the order.

AN ORIENTAL SMUGGLER.

The Sallers were Indigenat and Thereby Get 25 Pounds of Oplum Ashers.

"Of all smugglers," remarked the Custom House inspector, "recommend 'me to the Chinks and Japs. They've got more brains and originality than any other amuggiers four times over. A few months ago a tea packet came in and I was assigned to it. Well, a friend of mine—a flend, as they call 'sm—gave me a tip that there was colum paste on board, which the sailors were going to smuggle ashore. You see, opium paste pays a duty of \$10 a pound. I was on the boat the moment she touched the pier and examined every sailor that went off. I hadn't been aboard a very long time, when a Chinese igrocery pediar came down the wharf. He had a big open basket on his arm, in which there was green stuff and came of tomatoes and such like. I didn't suspect him, but to be doubly sure I walked with him to the forecastle where he commenced to pedidle off his truck. He sold the vegetables and counted the money carefully he got for them. Then he soid the cans of tomatoes for a quarter aplece. I thought he was rubbing it in; so I told one of em on the quiet they weren't worth more than a dime. The next moment the air was blue. They jumped up, fired the cans into his basket, shook their fista under his nose, and wanted their money back. He wouldn't give it, and they went for him. He was making a good fight when one of them draw a knife. I had a heavy cane in my hand, and I knocked the knife out of the fellow's hand and made the peddler go up the ladder and off the boat. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and, as I supposed, cursing the crowd.

"A little while after, the sailors came up and wanted to go ashore. I searched every one of them, and found nothing. They hain't been gone more than a half hour when the peddler go up the ladder and off the boat. He thanked me and mouth bloody and swollen. He said: Policeman, dam lobble steales foh, flive can tomate. You helpe gette back and takee bad man to station-house? I felt sorry for the poor devil, and told him we'd go and search the forecastic lor his property. We looked around five or ten minutes, and were about to give it up as a bai job, when he found them hidden away behind some old sail cloth. He popped them in his basket, shook hands and than times over. A few months ago a tea packet came in and I was assigned to it. Well, a friend

THE PARKUE DISTRICT MESSENGER

The Severity of Their Discipline Makes Them Short-Lived-The Cross of Ashes. The Endless Variety of Work Imposed Upon him Does Not Help his Mornis. A dissipated looking young man, who was

room around the city finding out what the people thought of him and his administration, leshrew me, but I have an incilination to try the experiment."

"It would be well, your Excellency. You are certainly the Commander of the Faithful, and I could be your faithful Mearour. Our adventures could be written down in letters of gold." In the could be your faithful Mearour. Our adventures could be written down in letters of gold." The proper disguises were obtained, and the two sailed forth. Soon they came to four street corners, onone of which stood a group of feroclous-looking, tall, bearded men, who were grambing in their beards and glowering savagely at the opposite group. Which was composed of fat seek, contented-looking men, what savage tribe of Indians is that?"

"That," said the pro tem Mearour, "is not a tribe of Indians. Those two bodies of men are Missouri Democrats. The lean men look leaner looking men, what savage tribe of indians. Those two bodies of men are Missouri Democrats. The lean men look leaner because they have no Vest. They are also, half-orphans, because they have no pap."

"And who are the men belonging to the other two groups. With an a surface of the work of the country of the

THE APACHE GERONIMO.

How Indian Agent Clum Captured the Chief. From the San Francisco Chronicle,

The REFERL DIVISION RESISTENCE.

The making a various of Work Teapened Units him here were the New Help his Merwis.

A dissipated looking young man, who was a servicely cheese and a hearted, shirted from a hanson in front of the Biofinan House, looked How much?

"Two collans," said the driver, presently:

"Two collans," said the said the driver, presently:

"Two collans,"

nau research the commissary portail that grew nervous and began to move about so as to occupy more space and give room for action. Then a number moved slowly toward the guich. They were ordered back, but did not head our commands. At this instant my Chief of Police. Capt. Beauford, who was a large, powerful man and an experienced Indian fighter, threw up his gun and drew abead on the foremost Indian moving toward the guich.

Instead of the report of the rifle we heard one of those terrific yells, and a henvy squaw aprang upon Beauford, threw hear arms about his shoulders, and hung upon him in such a manner as to draw the muzzle of his gun nearly to the ground, and for the instant binloned his arms. The brawny scout gave one look of disguest, then, with one sweep of his great right arm, he sent the squaw sprawling ten feet from him, and up again went his gun. This time a dozen of the police followed his example, but before a shot was fired one of the leaders of the renegades called out and the retreating Indians returned. By this time my police were all out of the building, the skirmish line was completed, the renegades were outwitted and outnumbered, and were virtually our prisoners.

During the moments occupied by the above events I had not forgotten to observe each expression of Geronimo's countenance. A trusty six-shooter concealed in a large pocket had been held upon the renegade constantly, and, in case of open hostilities, a shot from the pocket wax among the surprises I had prepared for Geronimo, I thea insisted that he ghelfs lay assiste their arms during our talk. Geronimo objected, but we had the advantage. I took his gun, and the same is atting the surprise. I said to Geronimo: I believe we have met before. He replied great printing the surprise of the printing of the surprise of

The Picale was a Patture. From the Chicago Herald.

"Weil, Johnny, my little man." said the Sunday achoril teacher, as he took a sinal boy on his lap in a crowded car. "did you have a nice time at the picute" "Naw," replied Johnny, with a book of disgust minging with the pleasants upon his imment face.
"Did some one act rudely to you?" Inquired the teacher, "or were you and because your poor little sick. "Naw," Johnny replied again; "didn't have no foun at all. He as Tommy Jones climbed hiser a tree as "out the rope of a swing on Bill Wilson an' his grif would her for miter the mud, but Bill he got onto us in time to save hisself. That spoided the hill proceeding for me. Never had no kind of juck at all at them pismics."

OURER WRINKLES.

Keeping Within the Law. Why don't you challenge him, Colonel?"

Recause dueling is agin the law in this state, "red the Colonel; "but if I ever get a good chance I'm

Nover Again.

A gentleman said to a minister:
"When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?"
"Never," said the reverend gentleman sol
The Deacon is in heaven."

What He Will Do.

Wife (emphatically)—That dog of Smith's across the way bil mother again this morning and I want to know what you propose to do about It Husband (brutally)—I think I will buy the dog. The Family Represented.

Jones (at the circus)—Hello, Smith, you here? Smith—'es, I had to come to take care of my little boy. Jones—Where's the boy? Smith—He was taken sick at the last moment and

A Fashienable Boarding House. "What class of boarders have you?" he saked of the landisty while looking at the fourth floor back; "fashionable people": "Yes, indeed, "she replied; "some of the biggest bugs in town board with me."

Taking the Chances.

"Do you know," said George, warningly, "that in this extremely hot weather two or three dishes of this ice cream might prove fatal?"
"I haven't a doubt of it," reputed Clara, "but it would be a happy death to die." The Proper Book to Take.

"Don't you think, dear," she said as she paused a moment in her packing, "that we ought to take a few boats with us to Sarangs," "You can do se you like," he replied calmly, "but the only book that I shall need is my pocketbook." Likely to Succeed. Husband-My dear, do you think I could learn

to play the flute?

Wife—I haven't a doubt of it.

Husband—You think, I pussess musical talent?

Wife—You possess a general desire to be disag

A Fit of Abstraction. A dry goods clerk took his girl out for some los cream the other night and in a moment of absent-mindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a cus-tomer, and cordially: "Anything else!" "Anything else!" She took is-monade and cake.

Not a Cultured Taste. Amateur actor (who played Hamlet)—How were you pleased with our entertainment, Miss Smith ! Miss Smith (a truthful girl)—Well-er-Mr. Fresh, I am sorry to say it, but I wasn't sitozether pleased.
Amateur actor (very much surprised)—Is it possible ! I thought you admired shakespeare.

Young Man-Can you lend me your rubber

mark eraser until morning, Charley ? Charley—Certainty. Young Man—Thanks. I'm going up to-night to ask old koneybags for his daughter, and if I don't get her I shall want something to inte on on my way nome.

A Tonder Heart. Young Lady-And so you've really been off

on a whaling voyage, Mr. Hardymau †
Mr. Hardyman—Yea.
Young Lady—How delightful: I am passionately
tond of fishing, too, but I feel sorry sometimes for the
poor little helpless wriggling things, it seems as cruel. Where the Fault was.

A tired Irishman en route from Coney Island A tired frishman en route from Coney island made several attempts to secure a comfortable seat on the revolving shaft of the boat, but the small amount of success he met with was discouraging.

"Begorza," he said, as he ploted himself up from the floor for the fifth time, "Of ana", attend up an 'Of can't sit down. To the divil wit dousy Olsiand whiskey!"

A Favorable Critic. Gentleman (at the Academy)-I'm not much Gentleman (at the Academy)—I'm not much of a judge of such things myself, Fallette, old boy, but I heard a lady speak very highly of your painting to-day. Pallette (very much pleased)—No? Do you know who the lady was No. I never saw her before. She was an dentleman—No. I never saw her before, She was an worse a cash-kin ascque trimmed with dark fur. Pallette (very much disappointed)—That was mother.

An old country gentleman returning home rather tate discovered a vokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that the had only come a courting. "Come a what?" said the irrate gentieman. "A courting. I'se courting Mary. "I's a lie. What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir," was the yokel's reply. "I didn't think yer ad, judging by the missis."

"That boy of yours is not adapted for the un-That boy of yours is not adapted for the un-dertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's faither, who inquired why he had been discharged, "What's the trouble with him?"
"He hasn't a realizing sense of what is due the af-flicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B, buried her fourth husband. I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wished the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

Quick to Decide.

"Your duties will be responsible," explained a Kentuckian to a gentleman who applied for a situation, "and will require great quickness of thought. There will be no time for deliberation. Do you think you are capable of this?"
"I think so, sir."
"Very well. I will think the matter over. Will you go out and take..."

go out and take—"
"Don't care if I do."
"Don't care if I do."
The promptness of this decision so pleased the employer that he hired the man at once.

You haven't paid the last premium on your wife's life insurance, Uncle Rastus," said the agent.
"I knows I hasn't. I got dat ole 'oman's life 'sured
'onh yeals ago, sah, an' she hain't ben sick er day sence. Dis mawnin' she kicked me out ob bed wif wun fut. She weighs sixty poun's mo'n she ebber did. 'Bout er hour ago she eat a fo'r cent watermillion an 'drunker quart ob cider, and she am now sleepin' off the effec's wif de presp'rashun rollin' down her face dat am de perfect pictur' ob health. Wot's de use 'suring an ole ooman like dat 'She hain't nebber goin' ter de, 'deed she ain't. Don't yo' go fo' ter aak fo' no mo' premyums."

An Unfortunate Man. Magistrate-The policeman caught you com-

Magistrate—The victim of circumstances?
Prisoner—Yes, yo'Honah. Ise a kieptermanisc.
Magistrate—Do vou call it kieptomania to enter a
strance house and steal overcoats?
. Prisoner—What's de penaity for kelptermania?
Magistrate—About filteen years for the kind that you
are trouthed with.
. Prisoner—Den I wifdraws dat statement, yo'Honah,
and pleaks guilty for insanity in de fo'th degree, and
from tuyself on de mercy ob de Court. Itusanity runs in
famity, eah. My poo' wife has been in de county house
mo'n er yeah. Magistrate-The victim of circumstances !

. The Same on Both Sider.

The Same on Both Sider.

From the Philadelphia News.

My talo concerns the descondants of Ham, possibly members of the Thompson Street Poker club. After a fifth argument over the pastelografs, two of them described to have it out, and so bet heavily, as the first control to have it out, and so bet heavily, as the first club, as was also the query.

"Watche got!"

"Two par," was the proudly untered response.

"Two par heah," said Hannibal.

"Jacks up," uttered scaple in reoly.
"Jacks heah," said Hannibal with a tantalizing smile.

"Tray suck!," was reipie's hunt declaration.

"Tray suck!," was sciple's hunt declaration.

"Tray sheah," mumbled Hannibal with a his face opened in a grin.
"Ace, shouted Scipio, as he thumped the table conclusively.
"Ace stathesh," and Hannibal was in danger of falling the chair in an occiasy of delight.

"Holy Muses!" shisked Ecipio, as he turned up the whites of his eyes.

"Holy Muses heah," and Haunibal stretched forth a sable hand to divide the pot.

The Fish In Jours's Not. From the Detroit Free Press.

The other night, after the thunder shower, Jonas dropped in on a neighbor and found about a dozen people assembled.

Well, well, you look cheerful after such a close call, "grawled Jones as he removed his hat.

What close call,"

"Why, lightning struck the barn in the alley not a hundred feet away."

"Oh dear!" said one of the women, "but I knaw it. One of my arms has been numb ever since."

"And it afterted my feet," said another.

"And it ast my heart to palpitating."

"And my allow has felt queer ever since."

Every one in the room remembered to have been allouked, and every one was thankful over the marrow sacape.

shocked, and every one was thankful over the narrow secape.

By and by a boy, who had been thinking deeply, gushed out:

"Why, there is no barn in the alley!"

Amid the deepest silence every body remembered this fact, and the one chinched it with:

"And how could there be, when there is no alley!"

Jones had lied, but so had all the others.

Returning from Strauge Lands.

Jones had been in Europe for three months.

ACTRESSES' HANDS.

The Long and Short, the Lenn and Pat, the Muscular and the Bimpled.

From the Chicago Mail,

Clara Morris has a long, wiry, rheumatic hand, the fingers slender and nervous, and though well formed, seem constantly reaching out for the unattainable; and, as might be expected, are alwars stained with something yellow, as ledine, but she has pretty, pink, shellike nalls and small-boned wrist.

There is nothing beautiful about Mrs. Langtr's lands, which are not as pretty as might be a pretty and there and hospitable.

Rosa Copthian has darling little dimpled hands, such as you might expect to find on a fe-rear-old dairy maid. They are brown as a berry, and cheery and hospitable.

Elion Terty's are skinny, bony, and consumptive, They are hungry looking, such as one might imagins Older Theis possessed of.

Adelins Patt's hands are the oldest part of her body. They are small, wrinkied, cold, and scaly. They are, however, shapely, and receive the utmost attention, and are small enough to be aqueezed into a No. 5 glove.

The Lord never sent a biggor pair of hands to any woman on earth than those belonging to Aid, long. They are, however, shapely, and reduced the stain of the sent of the sent

MAKING AMERICAN CUILERY.

MAKING AMERICAN CUILERY,

Kaives, Forks, and Razors—The Welding of
Iron and Steel—The Grisder's Asthma.

From the Scientific American.

American cutlery is now finding its way all over the world, and knives, shears, seythes, and planes of our manufacture are to be found in the warehouses of most large English cities.

In 1872 the importation of cutlery into the United States amounted to \$10,500,000, which was cut down in 1880 to about \$900,000 a year, besides which \$700,000 worth of domestic goods were exported in that year. In the manufacture of axes the United States have made the most marvellous advances, surpassing all other countries, except Canada, which bears an equally good reputation for making these useful implements.

Grood table knives are made of steel and iron welded together; the part which goes into the handle (salled technically the tang in England) and the shoulder are of iron, and the blade of steel. The tang and shoulder are forged from bar iron, and the blade from shoar or east steel. Knite blades, razor blades, and other small articles are usually forged into their required shape white still attached to the bar, which serves for the workmen to hold them by. When the bar becomes too short it is grasped in a pair of tongs held close by a ring which claimps them by silding up their conical bandles. Two men are employed in forging such work. The principal workman, or fireman, as he is sometimes called, uses a small hammer of two to four bounds weight, while the hammerman wields the sledge hammer, weighting from ten to fifteen pounds. The fireman, who attends to the heating as well as the

such work. The principal workman, or fireman, as he is sometimes called, uses a small hammer of two to four bounds weight, while the hammerman weights the sledge hammer, weighting from ten to fifteen pounds. The fireman, who attends to the hammerman, whose blows merely follow those of the small directing hammer of the fireman.

In drawing down or reducing a bar both in length and width, the flat face of the hammer is used; but when the length or breadth slone is to be extended, only the narrow edge of the hammer is used. The concavity of razor blades is made by hammering the blades on a small round-faced anvil; the notch, or nail hole, of a penkhife is struck by means of a chisel of the required form. Superior work, such as razor blades, is "smithed" aitor forging, that is, besten upon an anvil, to condense the metal as much as possible, and stightly ground or seorched upon a rough stone, to finish the shaping and remove the scale, or black oxidized surface, which would interfere with the color of the tempering.

Common knives are made entirely of iron, and the difference of prices arises not merely from the difference in cost of the material, but from the greater facility of working. It should also be understood that in many articles composed of steel wolded to iron the saving of steel is not the only advantage, for, steel being more brittle than wrought iron, it is very desirable, in all articles subject to a transverse broaking strain or to concussion, that every part except the cutting of working edge should be of iron. Thus a hatchet made entirely of steel would be least durable than one of iron with a wolded atesl cutting edge, and so of other articles.

Table forks are forged rudely into the shape required, first as though but a single thick prong were required. The part for the prongs with a tim film of steel bouwen them; this is cut out by a cutting die. Then they are softened and lenupered and ground to smooth and finish. The dry grinding of forks, needles, &c. is a required by a pice to the own and f

A cat of Searsport, Me., made friends with a pet rat but killed all the wild rate it could find.

A car of South Brooks, Me, watches a cradle, and
when the child cries careases it until it falls sales;
A gestleman at Newport, R. 1, it a mouse out of s
trap for his cat, but a big roosier standing near jumped
on it first took it in his but by the nack, and shoos it
until it was dead.

tran for his cat, but a big rooster standing ures jumped on it first, took it his buil by the ingels, and shook it until it was dead.

A cat of Hyde Park, Mass, book charge of a brood of six chickens, bise licked their feathers until they grew the wrong way. The chicke followed her as they woold have followed a hen.

A Lewiston cat made friends with a pig, became his constant companion, and slopt with him all night. While the pig was slaughtered she watched by his corpus, and refused to eat any of his flesh.

A Maine cat accidentally stepped on the keys of a pisno board one day, and was surprised at the sound, since then she goes to the pisno regularly and paws the keys, waiting with ears erect and eyes aparating for the sounds.

A gentleman living in the American district twrites for THS NUS. "I had a black and white cat which showed intelligence in many ways. Her reasoning power was about one day in cold weather, when she was put out of the house at 10 or 11 o'c! ck at might. Not having a warm place to sleep, she climited a tree that stood many the pantry, walked out on a limb, jumped on the roof, and from there guit to the kitchen roof and then to make the pantry, walked out on a limb, jumped on the roof, and from the guits to the kitchen roof and then to make the pantry, walked out on a limb, jumped on the roof, and from the guits to the kitchen roof and then to make the pantry, walked out on a limb, jumped on the roof, and from the guits to the kitchen roof and then to make the pantry, was a second story. I was converted with blinds and shock them sagain and again until it is her to. This same can would allow no dogs on the place. After one experience, no dog came again. She would all on the steep and await her opportunity, when she would jump on the back of the invading day, no matter how large in was, and claw him in the eyes unit, yelpong with she her shell, for another day coming an, bit her through the back and kined day coming an, bit her through the back and kined day coming an bit the promy a like